

A Crack in the Wall

Anonymous

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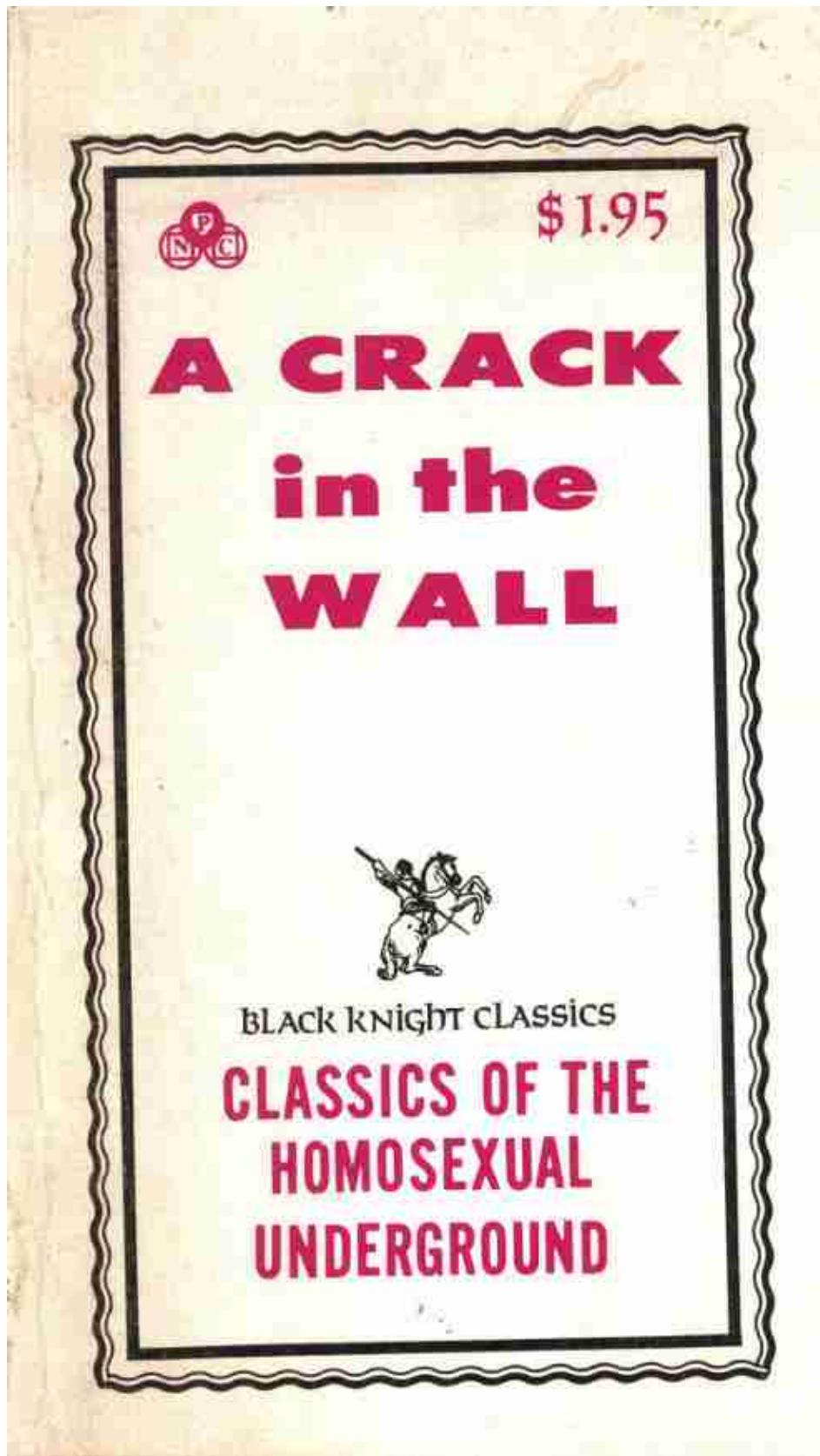
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CLASSICS OF THE HOMOSEXUAL
UNDERGROUND

Introduction

The word “pornographic” is one of the most misunderstood words in the English language. There are too many concepts and ideas, emotions and associations of ideas inherent in “pornography” for any clear definition to emerge. But we should not be frightened by this word, for it means many things to many people, but it is a very definite word. Let us think about it now.

The stories that follow this introduction would be called pornographic by most people. Pornographic literature has to do with literature that is intended to arouse sexual desire, to stimulate the sex instinct. It might be assumed by intelligent people that human sexual desire and the arousal of that desire would be considered good. But such, unfortunately, is not the case: the very fact that we have sexual feelings and thoughts is an acute source of embarrassment to many persons. There is, for them, the necessity to suppress these desires for the body of another.

Reason says that sex is a part of God's creation; human beings have this urge because it is given by God Himself. Therefore, it cannot be “bad,” or “evil.” But, again: reason is not abundant in the world or among human beings. We are creatures of irrationality as well as endowed with the capacity to reason. It is this terrible fact that makes pornographic or erotic literature the scapegoat for ignorance and prejudice.

Erotic literature, then, does nothing more or less than serve to arouse the sex instinct. How long has the world had such literature and writings? The answer is: since the beginning of time. When we see the erotic drawings on a caveman's wall, we know that he, too, had the need to express his lust in terms of words and drawings. So, the urge is as old as man himself.

In every culture since the dawn of history, man has inscribed on any surface, flat or round, his sexual feelings. Pornographic literature has never been defined to the satisfaction of any two people. Disagreement is common; a common ground where jurists, lawyers, the public, the artist, the educator can meet does not exist and it never has. In the United States, as we approach the Seventies, there is a greater permissiveness and liberality toward erotic literature than ever before, but there is still great misunderstanding and persecution.

The publisher of homosexual literature has suffered greatly because of society's anxiety over the existence and propagation of this kind of writing and photographic and artistic depiction. The question is: why should homosexual erotica be any less valid or acceptable than heterosexual erotica? Of course, reason clearly says that all erotica is *human*, and the fact that there may be less persons who happen to be homosexual than otherwise, does not serve as an excuse to condemn homosexual erotic writing.

In this collection of classic homosexual fiction, the purpose of publication is quite obvious: this kind of erotica deserves to be published and read and appreciated. Those persons who believe in the validity of writing which expresses and causes sexual interest and arousal will applaud the publication of this volume. Those who do not or cannot believe in the freedom of the human mind to express its sexual life in writing, will condemn this collection.

For many years these stories could not be published in the United States without fear of imprisonment and harassment. Many of these stories have found their way into private hands and collectors. Many were smuggled from Paris and other underground sources. But the point is that these stories should have *always* been available precisely because there is nothing evil or wrong in them. The only thing these homosexual classics did is to express genuine human, inverted experience in terms of fantasy.

Is human fantasy to be outlawed by the state or by the individual? Of course not. But this is a world in which the human mind and the works of literature that flow from the mind have always been harassed and persecuted.

Let us think about the cultural background of pornography. The very word itself derives from the Greek word meaning “the writings of prostitutes.” Unfortunately, most prostitutes are not especially literary or literate. We do not have many who either had the time or the talent to hand down to us a literature of their sexual experience. And if it is to be truth-telling, we might also sadly realize that the one element of pornography, that it be imaginative in order to be arousing to the reader, is largely missing in most prostitutes.

Perhaps because they would rather “do” than “write” explains their inability to take up pen and pad. Pornography is based on the sexual instincts of man, his sexual fantasies about himself. All cultures in history

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have had a pornographic literature, whether open or in secret. This in itself proves that pornography or erotic literature is a necessary expression of human existence and creativity. That the law and the public often denies the validity of pornography only indicates the extent to which both the law and the people for whom it is supposed to serve are depraved, *not pornographic literature in itself*.

This introduction to our collection of classical homosexual literature is not meant to be didactic or “preach.” Neither is it intended to be defensive of pornography or of homosexuality. It is meant to show the humanity behind all pornography and to assert the essential goodness of this particular kind of literature. If this constitutes a plea or a need of justification, so be it.

The ancient Greeks and Romans were masters of pornography. We have ample proof of that. This fact is natural: they loved the human body and respected the human mind. Fantasy, for them, was a good and gracious gift, a gift that separated the animals from man. In our own time and in our own country, America, we have gotten away from the Greek's respect for both mind and body. Our irrational attitudes toward pornography reveals our essential rejection of the Roman and Greek genius for life. It is toward respect for human life and its manifestation in homosexually oriented erotica that this volume is dedicated. If the problem of evil in this world seems to overwhelm us and distract us from the stories themselves, then this is further indication of our own rejection of human values.

The Romans and Greeks placed sensual pictures in their temples and bedrooms, which heightened their sexual activity. Remember, such literature and art is meant to excite, to arouse human desire. Even when the Church came to dominate the life of the Middle Ages, pornography still was being produced as part of the creative urge of man. Monks in their cloisters produced pornography which was enriched by the sense of evil and suppression which surrounded it. The mind of man was stimulated by the spirit of doom and suppression which characterized that time.

Many monks were known homosexuals. Their life together was often enriched by the so-called lewd stories they told to each other. Their erotic tales were singularly worshipful of men and of man's penis. The fantasies of homosexual pornography always necessitated organs which were prodigious, untiring and huge. How else could man be stimulated except by writing of the ideal, whether that ideal was grotesque or not?

Much of the pornographic writings done by the monks in the Middle Ages was burned in public ceremonies, but some was preserved by hard-working monks who, knowingly or not, preserved it for history.

During the Renaissance that followed the Dark or Middle Ages, literary figures such as Boccaccio, Chaucer, and Rabelais, used that most magnificent of man's inventions... the printing press. But the Reformation, spawned by Oliver Cromwell and Puritanism tried to put an end to the sheer sense of fun that those artists generated with their bawdy art. In 1661, Charles II, the “merry monarch” was crowned and pornography flourished during his reign. This lasted two hundred years! Printed material became more abundant than ever before. So much was produced that most of it is now lost, so great was the abundance.

In 1969, we in America are living in a similar period in which erotic literature or pornography is again flourishing. Obviously, this is so because the people make it so. There is too much human creativity to be stifled by outmoded laws and repressive laws. Booksellers and publishers meet the need for erotica because there is a market for it. Some demented souls in positions of power, the Anthony Comstocks and censorial hacks, call this market exploitive and evil. They think the sex instinct itself is evil, something to be suppressed. Therefore, the writings and visual arts which have as their base the human sex instinct are in themselves evil to them. But the evil is in the one who sees human sexuality as evil; it is not and never has been in the sexual experience or the depictions in literature and art of that instinct.

Henri Toulouse Lautrec once was confronted by an enraged woman who complained to him at one of his Paris exhibitions that a certain painting of his was pornographic. “Look at that man watching that voluptuous woman undress! And see those impressionable children also are exposed to her lewdness! I am ashamed for you, Monsieur Lautrec!” The artist reproached her: “Madame, how remarkably ignorant you are. The subject is a woman who is dressing in front of her own husband. Her children do not yet know that the human body is something that some evil persons want them to think evil. They are innocent. The woman is preparing herself for a birthday party for her youngest son. That is what my picture is about. Madame, I must ask you to stop looking at my pictures! I have always contended that evil people will see evil things.”

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The artist was rightly outraged. Even Lautrec's father saw his studies of Parisian night life in the famous Moulin Rouge as "obscene" and "indecent." It has taken the judgment of literary and art history to make plain that father's profound foolishness.

Western governments have always persecuted the public and the publisher of pornography. But pornography will not go away. Collections and volumes such as this one will be printed and will be bought, read, studied and appreciated because erotic art is *art*. The arousal of the sex instinct can exist alongside artistic considerations. This fact brings us to the subject of "redeeming social value." Most judgments in "obscenity" cases involve a legal definition of pornography as literature or visual matter "utterly devoid of redeeming social value." Such a definition betrays one misapprehension: even if there were such "redeeming social values" in erotica, or in a given book, photograph, carving or what-have-you... the very fact that the given allegedly obscene work arouses sexual stimulation and has that sole object as its function and result, does not and should not mean that the work is undesirable or unacceptable or to be outlawed. For we still hark back to the truth that human sexuality and all depictions of it are decent and honorable, not to be suppressed because they represent that which is both natural and good.

Still, the U.S. Supreme Court finds pornography to be a whipping boy and an excuse to persecute those who produce pornography. A Ralph Ginsberg is sentenced to prison for the *manner* in which he distributes and advertises his pornography or erotic works. "Pandering" of erotica suddenly becomes an evil thing when the truth is that all businessmen must "pander" their merchandise and make it desirable for customers to buy. An automobile manufacturer panders when he advertises a car in a photograph in which a beautiful girl is shown caressing a young man. It is the car that has led the girl to dispense her sexual favors to the car's owner. Buy a car like the one in the photograph and you, too, will get laid. This is the simple but unstated message which the automobile manufacturer gives. This, too, is pandering. What is the difference between that kind and the kind for which Mr. Ginsberg was sent to jail? Nothing. Ginsberg mails his Eros magazine from Intercourse, Pennsylvania and this is pandering! The absurdity, the total viciousness and hypocrisy of the thing is almost too obvious for comment, is it not?

These stories in this volume cause no one to degrade himself. If a man is stimulated by them, well and good. If he goes out and finds a male sexual partner after reading one of these tales, that proves only that the writing stimulated his imagination and desire. The point is: his sexual desire, inverted or "normal," is part and parcel of his humanity and cannot and should not be legislated out of existence by any censor, prude or literary sniper looking for "prurience."

Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart admitted that he could never succeed in intelligently defining what pornography is, but he adds somewhat ridiculously, "I know it when I see it."

Pornography, to be "obscene," and therefore prosecutable, must be, according to the most recent U. S. Supreme Court ruling, "prurient," or appealing to prurient interests; it must have "the leer of the sensualist" about it.

Analyze these strange criteria and you must reject them because they deny that pornography is acceptable merely because it arouses sexual lust. Fortunately for all those who sell or buy pornography and erotica, these works not only arouse, they tell us about the world we live in, they identify attitudes, describe society, and represent human problems and aspirations. Pornography, and these stories in this volume, also suggest social injustices that need correction. These stories are not devoid of social importance, and they were not padded with "social significance" in order that they might be legitimately sold. They always had something important to say about the human condition, even while they also aroused and amused, titillated and stirred the human imagination, the sexual fantasy, the erotic appetite.

The man on the street will tell you that pornography is "sexy." He does not care that it is also educative or illustrative of man's imaginative flight through his sexual world. But the Puritan and the censor rejects sex and sex depiction except where his own sex life is involved. The man who cuts up the lesbian motion picture, "The Killing of Sister George" so the explicit sex scene at the film's end cannot be seen by others... this is a man who has no right to prevent sex from being seen, however artistically, from public view. This hack, this morbid moral freak, treks back home to his dreary suburban wife at night, after his ax job has been accomplished, and he thinks he has done his job. Sex should be between married couples... period, he thinks. Who is he to outlaw lesbians or male homosexuals, or stories, films, plays, and other depictions of this sexual

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minority? The answer is obvious not only to the liberal but to the literate.

These bawdy stories have a Rabelaisian wit about them. Surely, they will become a part of the Vatican's vast library of pornography. Bertrand Russell once said, "Even frank pornography would do less harm if it were open and unashamed than it does when it is rendered interesting by secrecy and stealth. Nine-tenths of the appeal of pornography is due to the indecent feelings concerning sex which moralists inculcate in the young: the other tenth is psychological, and will occur in one way or the other whatever the state of the law may be."

In 1967, the Danish government removed all restrictions on what could be printed and read by anyone over sixteen years of age. The result has been that sales of pornographic literature and art has *decreased*. The same trend has also been evidenced by the fall in the incident of sex crimes. Contrary to prudists, pornography does not stir up people to commit sex crimes. To the contrary, as in Denmark, the open availability of pornography calms the people and meets a need which is both social and constructive.

These homosexual tales will be read only by those who want to read them. No one is forced to buy this volume or to read the works herein. No one can prove that these stories will cause sex crimes. Indeed, we think that the stories will be utterly harmless even to those who find them stimulating. No one's personal psychic structure will be altered by reading any book in this series of homosexual underground classics.

The U. S. Supreme Court on April 7, 1969, decided that it was unconstitutional for the State of Georgia to prosecute a man for mere possession of pornography in his own home. The man in question had reels of stag movies showing oral and anal sex acts between men and women in the drawer of his desk in his home. The First Amendment was invoked by the Court as the guarantee against infringement of this freedom.

The publication of works such as these is a joyous occasion for all who love freedom and want America to be a society in which the rights of minorities as well as the rights for a literature of the erotic are upheld. We are proud to present this epic work and hope that the spirit of man's imagination, which is so richly contained in these prized classics of homosexuality, will burn brightly in future volumes we will publish soon.

Voltaire's statement that "I disagree with what you say but I will defend to the death your right to say it" has seldom been more applicable than it is on this rare publishing occasion.

A CRACK in the WALL

Chapter One

"I'm quite certain you'll be happy here, Mr. Malone. This is my best room... the bath is right next door."

"Thank you, Mrs. Monahan," I said. "I'm sure it will be just fine. Here's the month in advance."

"Oh, thank you sir. I never get more than a week in advance. Are you sure...?"

"Of course," I answered vaguely, as I moved toward the door and she took the hint and left me with another "Thank you."

I threw myself across the full comfortable bed, on my back with my arms folded under my head, and the events of the past week crowded before my eyes.

No more farming; it hardly seemed possible. My parents were killed in an accident when I was only five years old. I hardly remembered anything about them. The only person in my life had been my Uncle Charlie. Thank God for him!

Now, don't get me wrong. I didn't hate the old geezer: I was just glad he was gone. For eighteen years I worked on his farm like one of the horses, right from the first day I came there at the tender age of five.

On my twenty-third birthday, he sat down one night after supper and died. I was broke up terribly over it, naturally, I suppose. I don't remember things too clearly that happened the next couple of days.

Uncle Charlie was buried, then, Mr. Crockett, the town lawyer, explained to me how to work those checks so that I could get money out of the bank. I had a hard time understanding it, but then I was always a little too slow learning how to get things straight.

Well, you get the idea. Now that I had some money of my own, no more working from sun-up to sun-down for this *boy*!

The big city, that's what I wanted more than anything else in the world. So here I am, in my own room, paid in advance for a whole month, in the big city of Springfield, Illinois! Whoopee!

How long I lay there I don't know, but it was dark when I suddenly realized that I was still day-dreaming, wide-awake and hungry. I suddenly remembered the restaurant down the street from the rooming-house.

I'd go there and have the best darn meal I've ever had! But in the big city, it's proper to wash before you eat, so I better take a look for the bathroom first.

Next door, it was, she told me. This must be it. But there was no number on this door like there was on the others. What's the matter with the handle? Oh there... it opened.

"Oh, excuse me," I almost shouted; I withdrew quick as a flash and darted back into my room. Gosh, I didn't even see whether it was a man or a woman; all I saw was naked flesh!

I had never seen anyone, male or female, naked before.

Bet I gave whoever it was a fright! Must not have locked the door properly.

It's sure dark in my room, but no use turning on the light. I'll go into the bathroom as soon as that person leaves. Say... what's that peculiar thing on the wall over there? I'll look through.

Ye gods! It's the bathroom. It was a woman I had seen naked. There she is now with her robe on. Gosh, she's about my age and pretty, too. There goes the light. Now I can wash.

And that's how I discovered the "Crack In the Wall." As you can see, it didn't mean too much to me then. I washed and went out to have dinner. It was the best meal I'd ever had. You see, I'm not used to living "high off the hog" as they say back on the farm. Then back to my room to sleep soundly.

Three days passed uneventfully, except that I walked and walked all over town, thrilled at all the sights I'd never dreamed existed. And I did meet most of the other roomers in the house; several married couples, a single girl, two single men and three boys and the latter's parents. All very sociable but not particularly friendly.

Then, on the third night it started. I felt a new stirring at the base of my belly. No, not exactly new, but I hadn't had it for a long time.

It only happened a dozen or so times in my life and the last few times I knew what to expect later. Each time I'd wake up in the morning with a stiffening spot on my sheet. I never did understand it... and I couldn't have asked Uncle Charlie, so I just washed it off myself best I could so the cleaning woman wouldn't find it

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when she changed the sheets.

So, this night I felt it again as I lay on the bed until time to wash and go out. I was very lonely. A horrible feeling of being left out of the design of God's world. I didn't feel right about being alone, living in a rented room and in a strange town, no friends, no Uncle Charlie... no one.

That thing between my legs was getting hard again. Yesterday it did the same thing but it quickly stopped. Gosh, my hand on it feels real good; feels extra good when I press down on it hard.

Oh... there's that funny little light in the wall again. Is there someone in the bathroom?

I saw a young boy. I recognized him as Billy, one of the three brothers down the hall. He was about thirteen and a cute little devil, dressed in his pajamas.

As I watched, I saw him tug at a button that kept the pajama pants closed in front. I couldn't see the front of him but I could definitely see a stream of yellow liquid gracefully curving into the bowl. Funny thing: it excited me!

He finished and turned around. He had already pulled his thing into his pajamas again. Wonder how big it is? How big was mine when I was his age? Gosh, I don't seem to remember even having a dick until those stiffenings started.

Maybe it's always the same size. Whew! My own is getting harder and stiffer by the minute!

What's he doing now? He's taking off the pajama jacket. Square-shouldered little devil; nice smooth skin and those cute little nipples and belly button.

Funny, I never noticed such things on the kids I'd seen occasionally on the farm. Now he's dropping his pants to the floor!

Look at him stand there; doesn't seem to know what he wants to do now. Tight little buttocks... slight curve to the belly. That little cylinder at his crotch.

Gee, was mine *ever* that small? It's raring itself up so hard and long now, I have to open my pants to let it get some air. Feels good to hold my hot fingers around its head.

Billy walked over to the toilet and sat down. I watched while he took a crap... straining and moving slightly as evacuation took place. His belly worked and he grimaced just before I heard the "plop" in the bowl.

He wiped himself and stood up. His little thing waved around. He pulled it a little and shook it and put it back into his pajamas. The little thing caught in the cloth and then stood up in the air, about two inches long.

Just at that point I felt something wet on my hands and found it covered with a white creamy mass. I had been aware of a series of new sensations going over me and hadn't realized when I had had my first ejaculation. But I know now that they are called nocturnal emissions. Huh! A fancy term for a wad of come!

Somehow I felt that what had happened was bad, even though I freely admitted to myself that I enjoyed it. So I fought against my feelings for several days.

I forced myself to go out and walk whenever the sensations started; I guess I tired myself out enough to stop the feelings. Saturday morning arrived.

Saturday is a wonderful day for kids. No school, no having to get up early. So Saturday finds them up even earlier and heading for the ball fields, the club houses and the gang meeting places.

All morning, as I lay there in my bed half-awake, I heard the boys and their friends running up and down the stairs, and finally out into the streets.

I woke up sometime later and stretching myself, I walked to the window and looked out into the street in front of the house. A gang of boys was approaching the house. A group turned into the house and the others went on down the street.

I heard them ominously climbing the stairs. Involuntary, I went toward the "crack." Just in time to see Billy and one of his friends come in.

They were dusty and tired and talking a mile a minute about the game they'd just won. Grey uniforms with darker grey stripes and real baseball shoes, I noticed.

"Better not open the buttons on your fly, Billy. They're hard to button again. I'm gonna open my belt and do it that way."

"Yeah, Pete; wish they had zippers on these things. Whitey Smith missed a whole inning one time trying to get it out to take a leak. These uniforms are snappy, though," Billy answered.

I found myself eager to see what they had between their legs. Of course, I had already seen what Billy had,

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but I wanted to compare his with another boy of his own age.

Billy was faster. He opened his belt and his pants fell to his knees. He pushed down his shorts and I saw his little thing.

It was different from mine, besides its size: there was a little bulge at the end and then a little piece of skin dangling. Billy began to urinate.

Peter had opened his belt. He was just about Billy's age but a little bigger. I saw he was staring at Billy's thing. He looked up to see if Billy was watching him.

Billy was intent on what he was doing. Peter stared hard at the little thing squirting out its yellow stream.

Peter's pants dropped to his knees. I saw his little white jockey shorts tightly encasing his firm young buttocks. He turned slightly and I saw the bulge in front.

He pushed his shorts down with difficulty; the little thing he had almost bounced out as the cloth moved down toward his knees. It wasn't like Billy's. It was standing straight out instead of curving down toward the floor.

Underneath there was a small reddish bag of skin. I noticed Billy had a bag too, but much smaller.

Pete stepped to the toilet bowl, aiming his stiffened thing toward it. Billy stopped urinating and began to reach for his shorts.

He looked quickly at Pete's organ and was a bit startled. He dropped his shorts again and shook his own little thing. I was surprised to see it grow a little in length and begin to move upward until it stood straight out, like Pete's.

Peter looked at it and then down at his own. They were about the same size. The chatter of the two boys ceased. Peter reached out slowly with one finger and touched Billy's thing. It waved up and down.

I realized how much I would have liked to have touched it myself.

There was a noise at the door and the two boys quickly turned and pulled up their pants and hurried out, greeting Tom and two of his friends on the way in.

Tom was Billy's brother, almost sixteen: thin and lanky and his voice was changing. With him were two boys from his class at school, Andy and John.

They all three crowded around the toilet, talking loudly at each other about the game. I was disgusted because I couldn't see a thing! All I could do was hear the sound of the water as the three streams hit the bowl.

"Hey, fellas, let's take a shower. Cripes, I'm hot and sticky."

"Sounds swell," the others agreed.

I watched eagerly as they took off their shirts. Tom had brown hair; Andy, blond; and John, black hair. Andy was the bulkiest of the three, broad shoulders and arms. He had more hair on his chest than I had: Thick around the nipples and thinner all around.

He unbuckled his belt and his trousers fell and he stepped out of them. He dropped his shorts and I saw his thing.

It was bigger than Billy's, over two inches longer and much fatter. It had a light fuzz of hair around it, and the bag of skin was larger. The end of the thing was quite fat and the skin didn't cover the end of it completely.

I shifted my gaze. John had lowered his pants and stepped out of them. He was also a well-built boy as he stood there in only his shorts. I noticed a big bulge in front.

He took off his shorts. He had hair around his thing but none on his chest.

His was even longer than Andy's. There was a difference in its color and its shape, too. The end was dark red and smooth. There was a definite head on it and no skin there. The rest of it was white like the others I had seen on the boys: it was a curved round thing of skin with a red, heart-shaped head. The bag beneath wasn't as large as Andy's.

Then Tom stood in his shorts. He pulled them off. Tom's was even bigger! It was a full six inches long and seemed about two inches across. The head was there but covered by skin. When Tom touched it and pulled at the end, the skin moved down and completely covered the end, which I later learned was called the "head" or "glans," the latter a more scientific term, I believe.

They got into the shower together and I could see nothing but I could hear them laughing. Then I watched

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them dry themselves and dress.

Needless to say, I “had” myself again.

I went out to lunch and had just gotten back to the front door when I met a handsome, tall young man standing there talking to Mrs. Monahan.

I went on to my room but overheard enough to know he was answering the “To Let” sign she had put up that morning. A few minutes later I heard him coming up the stairs and into a room.

A few minutes later I heard the bathroom door and was at my “crack” at once. Sure enough, it was the new roomer, who was named “Fred” or something or other, I heard him tell the landlady.

He took off his shirt and undershirt and I saw the dark, thick hair on his broad chest. His biceps were almost as big as my own. He must have worked on a farm, like me.

He turned to take a leak but by golly durnit, his back was to me. He stopped and when he turned around he had already put his thing in his pants, but his fly was open.

Fred shaved, and I was bored by the time he was finished. There's nothing exciting to me about watching a man shaving.

He certainly was a handsome fellow, though, probably about 21 or so. He was putting after-shave lotion on his face. As he rubbed his face, he rocked back and forth, and I saw that he was rubbing his crotch against the edge of the wash basin.

Suddenly he put his shaving equipment back in his little leather kit and then rubbed his hand along his fly. He turned to the door and locked it. He came back, and to my complete delight, took off his pants.

He was wearing jockey shorts and there was a definite bulge. Then he turned his back and took off his shorts. All I could see was his buttocks... and they were interesting: firm and well-rounded with no growth of hair in the crack at all that I could see.

Then, completely naked, he turned and sat down on the toilet. His thing was big and thick, but not quite as long as Tom's. The bag underneath held two things, however, quite as large as my own.

He spread his legs and took his limp thing in his hand. He began to massage it and the organ began to grow bigger, just as Billy's had.

When it was really stiff, he leaned back and stretched out his legs and began to run the skin back and forth. Faster and faster he did it, until I wondered if his arm wouldn't drop off.

His face was contorted with ecstasy and his breath came with difficulty.

Suddenly, he sat up and stopped rubbing. I could hear his breath being drawn in and expelled in short gasps. He arched his back, bent his head down and stared down at it as it stood straight up in the air.

With sudden starts of motion, a white liquid spurted out of the end. With each spurt, he gasped. The white stuff ran down his hand, which still encircled the base of the thing.

The liquid gushes stopped and he sat very still except for slight starts of motion from the quivering organ. It seemed to be shriveling up. He leaned back and closed his eyes.

I hadn't realized that once again I'd brought my own organ out of my pants and my hand too was covered with the same kind of sticky white stuff. I wiped it off on a pair of shorts nearby and started to leave the “crack.”

The young man had gotten to his feet and washed off his limp thing. While he was washing his hands, the door opened. He turned with a start and I glued my eye closer to the crack.

Tom came in. He looked surprised, and he turned to leave. He stood undecided in the doorway, staring at the handsome naked youth and mumbled, “Excuse me.”

“I thought the door was locked,” the man said, showing some embarrassment but covering it up by staring at Tom.

“It's a trick lock and sometimes doesn't hold. Excuse me,” he said again, and turned to go.

“Don't go,” the man hastened to say, having seen the boy's gaze rest on his privates. “I'm almost finished. I'm the new roomer.”

“Hello. I'm Tom Haskins.”

“Glad to meet you. Just call me Fred. Excuse the informality of my attire. And lock the door so no one else will disturb us.”

“Sure.” Tom did as he was told. The man was busy combing his lustrous hair. He'd just combed it but he

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was doing it again.

"I'm going to take a shower if you're not going to use it," Tom said.

"No, no; go right ahead." The man didn't turn from the mirror.

I saw that Tom could hardly take his eyes from the man's thing. He began to take off his bathrobe. He hung it on the clothes rack. I enjoyed the sight of the two naked fellows... a man and a boy. What a combination!

I saw Fred glance quickly at Tom's privates and suck in his breath when he saw its astounding size. He put down his comb and turned on the water. Then he lifted his thing over the edge of the basin, drew back the skin and began to wash it.

He had washed it before, I remembered.

The lad glanced at him furtively, and saw what he was doing. His eyes were glued to the thing. The man looked at him and caught his gaze and smiled.

Tom looked up and blushed. "You're washing it with soap!"

"Sure, have to keep it clean. After all, it's the most important part of a man, don't you think?"

"Yeah, sure," Tom stammered, and glanced down at his own, which was starting to stiffen.

The man turned for his towel and his thing touched Tom's arm for a moment.

Tom started and stared at it fixedly. As the man turned again, he dropped the towel he had just picked up. It landed at Tom's feet.

"Oh, excuse me," he said, and stooped to pick it up again. His shoulder pressed against the boy's thing. It really got stiff then!

The boy stepped back, breathing fast. The man stayed in the stooping position and looked at the boy's thing.

"That sure is a beauty you have there," he said.

"You, too," Tom answered with difficulty. The man's dick was standing up straight and was at the very least... *eight inches long!*

"I'd like to touch yours, may I?" the man asked.

"Gee... I guess so... if you want to," Tom stammered.

The man reached out his hand and encircled the boy's tool. Still on his knees beside the naked boy, he fondled the swollen thing while the boy squirmed delightedly.

"May I touch yours?" I heard the boy ask, breathlessly.

"Help yourself, though mine can't compare with yours."

The boy hesitated and then put his hand on the other's thing. Soon, they were both rubbing the other's organ, and I found myself stroking my own rampant organ in time with their rubbing.

Tom was so excited that the roomer had to support him as he rubbed the beautiful, hard prick.

At once, the boy grasped the man's peter tightly and stopped rubbing it. His own cock grew even stiffer and he moaned and breathed with great difficulty.

The man rubbed his great big tool firmly and pulled him to the wash basin. The boy groaned and the white cream shot out of the end of his organ.

It didn't just gush: it shot out about a foot, with surprising force. The liquid continued to shoot forth and the boy shuddered and almost collapsed in the man's arms. The man held him tightly and *kissed* him!

I had again filled my hand with cream and I sat somewhat relaxed, while the man held the boy close and then led him to the toilet seat and he sat down, exhausted.

"You'll be all right. It's natural, what happened. It was the first time you ever did it, wasn't it?"

The boy nodded.

"I love to shoot, don't you?" continued Fred. "It's so exciting. And with that big, bad cock of yours..."

The boy leaned his head on his hands.

"Look," Fred said, "you'd better not mention this to anybody, okay?"

"Okay," Tom answered meekly.

"By the way, my name is Fred. We'll get together again soon, eh?"

"Sure."

The man left the bathroom. I could see Tom's thing, now quite sad as it was wrinkled and small, pretty

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much like my own.

What had Fred called it? Cock? Never heard that before but it sounds nice. The boy sat still and then got up and left. He never did shower.

I turned away from the “crack” and stood in front of the mirror. My own cock hung limp from my fly. Slowly I took off all my clothes and stood naked, enjoying the sight of my own naked body in the mirror for the first time in my life.

So... a cock is something strong and hard, something to have fun with!

I grabbed my bag in my hand and delighted to notice how, when I squeezed the skin of it all together, it pulled the skin tight around my cock and the organ swelled and stood up almost straight.

My legs trembled as I began to run my hand back and forth along the hardening shaft. This time I did not cover the head with my hand; and when the strong creamy gushes came, they shot out just like Tom's did and large gobs hit the mirror and slid down its smooth surface.

I was exhausted. I threw myself flat on the bed and slept. What an experience I had had with myself! I felt as if this experience would be the beginning of a lifelong romance... with myself.

Chapter Two

When I awakened, I was famished and hurried out for a good filling meal. I had intended to take in a movie but suddenly a conversation I had heard in the hall flashed through my mind.

I had heard Billy and Tom explaining to one of their friends why their big brother, Dick, wasn't at home.

"He's working in the garage today. Said he'd be home by nine-thirty," Tom said.

I had met Dick in the halls several times and was struck by his enormous build. He was not tall (about five-seven) but he was apparently a mass of muscle.

I couldn't resist the opportunity to see him in the bathroom. I could just image him coming in all greasy and dirty and taking a bath.

Sure enough, my timing was perfect. Just as I settled conveniently at the crack, I saw Dick come into the bathroom with his towel. He put down the bathmat and pushed back the shower curtain. He adjusted the water flow into the tub.

He's going to take a tub bath, I thought with delight! I could see the tube in its entirety. There would be no shower curtain to block my view.

As the water filled the tub, he cleaned his teeth. Then he turned and took off his shirt and hung it on the hook. His was a wonderful physique, the like of which I had never seen before.

Dick unbuttoned his belt and dropped his pants. He wore white boxer shorts, and they were of such thin material that I could see the dark patch of hair above his cock. The protrusion formed by the huge organ indicated so much size that my heart was skipping beats.

He turned off the water and took off his shorts. As he stepped into the tub I was almost aghast when he sat down in the water: he had a beauty of a tool! It was long and big around, bigger than Tom's! In fact, it looked like Tom's in shape and size, because they were brothers, I suppose.

He washed and then lay back in the tub, just relaxing. The lovely soft cock stood up out of the water and lay across his thigh. He had a dense growth of black curling hair around the base of it.

Dick lifted his hips gently up and down, making the organ bob out of the water, making little splashing waves.

Then it began to grow; it stuck straight up in the air. The size of it amazed me. Dick lay there, looking at his big ding-dong sticking up in front of him.

Suddenly he realized that someone was at the door. Dick looked up and so did I. There stood Fred, the new roomer. He was in his bathrobe.

Fred looked down at the handsome youth in the water. For a moment, they didn't say a word and the cock began to go down. Quickly, it started up again, and the boy drew his legs up and blushed.

"Excuse me," Fred said, and turned to Dick.

"Oh... that's all right. I'm just glad it wasn't a girl," Dick said, blushing more. "I'm just about to leave, as soon as I dry off.

"Oh, then I'll lay out my shaving things, if you don't mind. Gosh, it's hot in here." Fred put his toilet kit on the washbasin and took off his robe. He stood there naked.

"I'm Fred Johnson, the new roomer in 4C."

The boy stood up in the tub and was drying himself. His eyes strayed to the other's privates. Fred was opening his kit and his cock was in profile to the boy.

The long and thick organ was quite big and getting stiffer. The boy's eyes were glued to it.

Fred glanced at him and turned his gaze into embarrassment; he rubbed himself vigorously. "If you can reach the door," Fred said, "how about locking it? Then no one else can burst in on us." I thought that sounded familiar.

"Sure." Dick locked the door and stepped out of the tub. The man turned and gazed raptly at Dick's cock. The boy saw his gaze and his own tool stiffened considerably. Dick worked swiftly with his towel to cover up.

"Say... how old are you?" Fred asked.

"Eighteen," Dick replied.

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"Only eighteen? It can't be!"

"Why not?"

"Excuse my mentioning it, but you have a piece of meat *that big* at only eighteen? Man, are you lucky! The girls around here must certainly go for that!"

"I don't go much for girls. Too expensive." Dick gazed at Fred's cock. "You don't do so bad yourself."

Fred stared down at his own organ and caressed it gently. "No, I can't complain. It's given me plenty of fun."

"Gee whiz, I bet it has." The boy looked at it and then at his own cock. "Mine is a bit bigger," he said, and moved closer to Fred.

"A little..." Fred agreed. "Say, let's measure and see."

"Okay."

Fred took his own cock in his hand and rubbed it gently. "Wait till I get a good stiff hard-on so that the test will be fair."

Dick watched Fred's hand move on the prick and his eyes bulged a little as he saw it grow. "I don't want you to get ahead of me. I better do that, too."

Dick took his own peter in his hand and rubbed it hard with upward, jerking strokes.

Fred stopped frigging and held his organ quiet in his hands. It was long and stiff. He reached out and took hold of the boy's cock and pulled it still closer.

"Put yours on top of mine and see if mine touches your hair when yours touches mine."

Dick did as he was instructed, his breath coming in short gasps. I could see the two big swollen pricks lying side by side. There was almost an inch of space between the man's cock-end and the boy's black hairs.

"Say, before we see who won, how about a small bet? The short one gives the other a thrill. Is it a bargain?"

"I guess so," Dick stammered, for he could see that he would win.

"Okay, now let's see. Pull it up to your longest hard-on."

Dick complied. Fred put two fingers between the end of his own organ and the boy's balls.

"You win by two fingers," Fred said. "In the army we used to line up a row of pennies on a table and see who could sweep the most pennies onto the floor. You'd have made some good money with that game."

"Would I?" Dick waited expectantly. "You must teach me some things."

"Sure. Anytime... now where's my shaving brush?"

"Hey, the bet!" Dick exclaimed.

"Oh, yes, I almost forgot. Sure you want it?"

"Sure."

"Okay, hold on to the washbasin." Fred pushed the skin back from the glans. The red glans was smooth and shining. He stooped toward it, and then looked up at the boy. "Anyone ever kiss it for you?"

"No." Dick looked startled.

"Then you have got a thrill coming." Fred put his lips on the smooth glans. Dick gasped, and felt the man's lips and tongue caress the stiff flesh.

He moaned with pleasure. I gasped and realized how much I'd like to do that.

Fred was soon taking the whole length of the organ into his mouth. Dick squirmed with pleasure. Suddenly, he involuntarily began to thrust his prick into the other's mouth.

Fred drew away and stood up. Dick was panting real rapidly.

"Don't stop! Don't stop!" Dick moaned like a frustrated animal.

"You like it?" Fred continued caressing the glans with his hand.

"It's wonderful, magnificent!"

Dick rubbed Fred's cock. He moved so that the ends of the two pricks touched. There was a thick liquid on both of them, I noticed.

"Kiss mine for me."

Dick looked up, startled. "I won the bet, remember?"

"Sure," laughed Fred. "You won, all right. Sit down so you can play with mine while I blow you."

Fred bent over as Dick sat on the toilet seat and took the stiff, angry young rod again in his mouth. Soon

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Dick was moaning and gyrating on the seat.

He jerked the boy's cock. Suddenly, he tried to push him away.

"I'm... I'm... going to shoot," he moaned. Fred held the boy closer and sucked all the harder.

Dick grabbed hold of the man's neck and his own body began to shiver. His eyes were closed and his young body arched. I knew the white jism was about to shoot off.

"I'm com... com... ing..." Dick moaned between clenched teeth. He shuddered.

Fred's throat was working spasmodically. The white liquid is pouring into his mouth, I thought, and I gave my own stiff cock a good jerk-off.

Dick sank back on the seat, his eyes closed. Fred released his cock and turned and spit the white stuff out into the washbasin.

He put the boy's hand on his cock. As though in a dream, the boy jerked at the stiff prick. The man's breath began to come in gasps and a moment later he shot the white stuff on the boy's stomach, which I noticed was lean and firm.

Fred sank to his knee and threw his arms around Dick's neck and embraced him. They remained still for a long time.

"Did you like it?"

"No," Dick said, grinning mischievously.

Chapter Three

I slept late the next morning. As I lay, about ten o'clock, trying to awaken myself enough to get out of bed, I heard boys' voices in the hall, coming up the stairs.

One voice I recognized as Fred, but the other I couldn't place. I stepped to my door and opened it a crack and peered out. Fred was talking to Jake, the colored boy who looked after the furnace. His father was the handy-man around the neighborhood.

They parted at the top of the stairs and Jake headed for the bathroom. Fred went to his own room. I closed the door softly and went to the peep-hole. Lord what would I ever do without my "crack?" Jake was just locking the door.

Jake took off his clothes and stood in his underwear. The cloth was gleaming white against his coffee-colored skin. A moment later he opened the buttons and the white shorts fell to the floor.

His cock hung down and was bobbing up just a little. It was the largest prick I had yet seen, at least when soft... about six inches long.

He sat down on the toilet and looked about the room. Then he got up and took the mirror off the wall and adjusted it to the floor in front of him, propping it against the bathroom scales that he pulled into position.

Jake sat down again and raised his legs so that his feet were on the toilet seat and his knees spread wide apart. I could see the little wrinkled hole of his ass with a few thin black hairs around it.

With a hand on his testicles, he pulled up on them and I had a clear view of his asshole. I realized then that he had a similar view of himself in the mirror on the floor.

Then he began to strain; a long brown column of excrement began to slide out of the little hole. I was horrified but also fascinated.

The column of shit was about a foot long when the skin around the hole wrinkled and jerked and the column broke off and fell into the bowl with a splash.

Two more columns of shit fell out and the boy wiped the hole carefully and put his legs down. I was excited, my prick already stiff in my hand.

Jake took his cock in his hand and massaged it. It grew stiffer and finally looked as hard as a rock. I was amazed that it had not grown much longer—maybe another inch—but got much bigger around.

He circled his hand around it and still there was some of it exposed. Jake rubbed it eagerly, sitting there almost naked, with just a short T-shirt covering his caramel chest.

The door opened and Fred came in, dressed in his bathrobe, the boy stopped rubbing his cock and looked up with horror in his eyes.

"What are you doing?" Fred asked, as he closed the door and carefully locked it.

"I'se not doin' nuthin', sir. You ain't goin' tell on me, is you?" The Negro boy stood up and backed up carefully against the window sill.

Fred gazed at him, up and down, from his toes to his head. Then he turned and slowly took off his bathrobe and hung it up.

Fred was stark naked! The boy's black eyes bulged. Fred turned to him and took his cock in his hand. It was limp and soft as it lay quietly in his encircling fingers.

"So you like to play with yourself, do you?" The boy didn't answer. He kept his eyes on the man's cock. "Well, I won't tell on you... that is... if you do something for me."

"I do it, sir, if you ain't tell my pa. He'd skin me."

"You ever suck anybody's cock?"

The boy stuttered and turned almost white. "No... no..."

"Will you suck mine?" The boy was frightened, but he nodded.

"Sit down." The boy sat on the toilet. "No, sideways so I can lean against the wall." That command was fine with me;

now I could see everything clearly. The boy adjusted himself.

Fred moved beside him and reached out, grabbed the boy's hand and laid it on his cock. The brown fingers

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eagerly encircled the soft organ which was beginning to show signs of getting hard.

Meanwhile, the ebony cock was regaining its stiffness. The man made little fucking movements with his buttocks.

"Now, kiss it." The boy hesitated. "It won't hurt you. In fact, it's fun. Go ahead."

Jake bent down and put his lips to the stiffening shaft. It rose quickly. The boy drew back. Fred guided his head downward with his free hand while he leaned against the wall with the other.

I could see the white organ disappear into the black mouth.

Fred ran his fingers through the kinky hair and closed his eyes. The boy took his one hand to his own cock and began to frig himself.

"Oh, my Lord! Lord!!" Fred groaned. "It feels great!"

His cock was fully stiff. The boy continued to suck on it like it contained the elixir of life.

Suddenly, Fred stopped him. "Stop or I'll shoot!"

Hearing Fred say that was funny because I've always heard it said in crime or Western movies.

Fred leaned back against the wall, his cock rising in bits of motion, a little white liquid at the tip.

Jake leaned back and sighed. He stared at the monstrous white tool. Fred regarded the brown cock still in the boy's hand and Jake looked down at it, too.

Fred reached out and gently touched the tip of the hard Negro tool. "How do you like it?"

"Nice..."

"Okay, then maybe you'd like to see how it feels."

Fred stooped and took the big black prick in his mouth. Jake gasped and began to squirm with pleasure. "Stop! I'm about ready to come!"

Fred stood up and put his own cock back into the Negro youth's mouth. "Suck my prick good," he hissed, like a mean Whitey that the Rap Browns and Stokely Carmichaels despise.

Fred reached down and jerked the black cock. A few minutes later, he moaned, "I'm coming! I'm coming!" Jake held him close.

The boy's throat was working madly and at the same time the white gism spurted from the colored cock, some of it landing on the thighs of the white man."

"How did you like it?" Fred asked.

"Jest real good," the Negro said smiling. The boy breathed heavy with exhaustion. Then the boy dressed.

I had already spent myself twice and had to clean up quite a wad of cream from the floor. I was just going to take a shower when I heard voices in the bathroom and looked through the crack again.

What I saw made me almost sick.

Chapter Four

This time it was two *girls!* Funny, in all the time that I had caught people in the bathroom, this was the first time I'd caught girls.

One girl lived in the boarding house and the other must have been a friend of hers. I was interested, but in a different way. Maybe it was because I had already shot my wad.

One girl sat down on the toilet and the other knelt in front of her. The first girl lifted her dress; she had nothing on under it. I saw her hair-covered organ, but only for a minute, because the second girl glued her mouth to the opening.

She was sucking the other girl almost like the boys sucked each other.

I felt an unaccountable disgust but continued to watch. The girl who was sitting was in ecstasy. Suddenly, she grasped the other girl's head and held it still for a moment.

Soon, they both rose to their feet and walked out of the bathroom.

Well, I decided, men and boys were certainly much more fun!

I went out to lunch and a movie. Got back about five o'clock and met Dick on the front porch. We talked for a few minutes and he introduced me to his friend, Jack Rollins, a handsome boy of eighteen. He was grimy and black on every part of his exposed skin, face hands and arms.

"Hey," Dick said to me as I started to the door, "we got a good shower upstairs, haven't we?"

I was startled for a moment, but then realized what was on his mind. I said it was a very good one.

"See," he said to his friend. "So come on up and get some of that grime off'n you. No use going all the way home first. You can wear a shirt and pair of pants of mine tonight."

"Sure," Jack said, as I went on in and up the stairs.

A little later I heard Dick bring his friend into the bathroom, supply him with towels and leave. I was at the "crack" in a flash.

Jack was tall and well-built, with short-cropped hair. He was wearing a red bathrobe which I recognized as Dick's. I waited expectantly until the bathrobe was removed to show the smooth gleaming skin and dark curling hair.

There was a small patch of hair on his chest and more just below the belly button. But the most striking thing was the round cylinder of flesh that hung from that patch of hair and dangled against the wrinkled bag that hung below it.

Jack looked down at it too and touched it gently. He turned on the water and climbed in the tub, lying back luxuriously as the water rose about him. Almost at once he began scrubbing his arms, face and neck.

Soon, he was fairly clean; he let the water out of the tub and refilled it. This time he worked up a thick mound of soap suds in the hair of his crotch, hiding his prick.

He rocked back and forth and up and down until the soap suds began to move from the pressure. Then the tip of his cock showed: red and well-rounded.

His prick grew and grew until it stood up two or three inches above the suds. It looked like a flag pole. He bounced his tight buttocks, working up more and more suds and getting stiffer and stiffer.

The water splashing about had completely uncovered the whole end of his long tool as it stuck out of the water.

Just as he was doing this, Fred walked in. Jack quickly put his hand over his erect phallus until he saw the reassuring smiling face above him.

Fred had his bathrobe on, but it was open and his own treacherous tool stuck out straight and looming upward. Jack grinned and reached out to put a big dab of suds on the end of Fred's prick.

"Hey, it might melt," Fred said, as he turned to carefully lock the door.

"Think so? You wouldn't miss it, would you?"

"I might occasionally. Who are you, anyway?"

"Name's Jack... a friend of Dick's."

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“Oh... well... get out of that tub and let's suck!”

Jack didn't bat an eye and Fred hung up his robe and stood nude before the young man. Jack gazed long and hard at the cock in front of him.

Fred stood still, smiling down at the boy. He reached down and pulled the plug of the tub and grasped the large fleshy organ.

“Get up... I said I can't wait all day!”

Jack was pulled to his feet by the clasp of Fred's hand on his instrument. Fred grabbed a towel and dried the boy's privates.

He did more rubbing than drying and the cock got even stiffer. Fred moved so that the end of it touched the head of his own throbbing meat. He took them both in his hand and jerked them together.

“Come on, let's have a sixty-nine party.”

Chapter Five

"What in the world is a sixty-nine party?"

"A sucking session. Finish drying and I'll show you. I remember one out in Los Angeles, there were five of us in one huge bed and man, that was *really* a sucking session. I got the works: five cocks! I was browning one guy, sucking another, and being browned and each tit sucked, all at the same time! I'll never forget it. I thought I would die, it was so damn good!"

"Okay; I'm dry." Jack reached for Fred's stiff tool. He played with it.

"Oh, surely you can find something better to do with it than that."

Jack grinned and stooped down, taking the large peter into his mouth.

"Here," Fred said, "lie down on the rug on your back, your head toward the door. That's right. Look at that thing stick up there, will you! Fred pushed it with his foot. It sprang right back into place.

"Okay, now I'll straddle over your head like this..."

He got to his knees, spread his legs apart so that his meat was just over the boy's face. He put his arms on either side of the boy's torso and took the stiff red rod in his mouth.

The boy received the tool above him in his own eager mouth.

I was amazed and thrilled! Such fun! I wondered what they'd do if I went to the bathroom door and opened it right so the trick lock would give way, and burst in on them!

Maybe they'd let me play, too! I could hear the maddening sucking sounds as they went to town! Just as I was persuading myself that I should try to surprise them, the door opened and someone else burst in on them.

It was Tom, Dick's kid brother, who was fourteen. He stood at the door with his mouth wide open, Jack heard the sound and turn quickly, horrified to see his friend's brother.

He gave a bound, thrusting Fred off him and jumped to his feet. Fred also scrambled to his feet.

Fred, master of any situation, noticed the commotion at Tom's crotch and said quickly, "Lock the door carefully, Tom, and come on in and play with us. Do you know this youngster, Jack?"

"He's... he's... Dick's brother, Tom."

"That's right... okay, Tom," he added as the boy turned from having locked the door securely. "Want to play with us?"

"Yeah, I guess so... what were you doing?"

Tom walked to the center of the room. "Say, Jack," he said, "you have a big one. No wonder you never let Billy or me see it."

Jack couldn't say a word. Fred came up behind Tommy and opened his belt. The blue jeans dropped. The stiff prick was almost bursting through the small shorts.

"Come here, Jack; don't be so bashful. Look what Tom's got between his legs."

Jack, who had been so bold with Fred, seemed quite beside himself now that he stood naked before his friend's kid brother and realized that the youngster had witnessed his sixty-nine session of a few moments before.

Fred reached out, grabbed Jack's arm and brought the hand down to caress the protruding front of Tom's shorts and then guided the fingers to the buttons.

The shorts fell and the monstrous organ, amazing for such a youth, sprang forth.

"Why, it's almost as big as mine," Jack exclaimed involuntarily.

"It sure is," Fred said. "Take it in your hand."

Jack grasped Tom's swollen stick and at the same time, the boy reached out both hands and clasped Jack's cock in one and Fred's in the other.

"Let's have a daisy chain," cried Fred.

The boys eagerly agreed.

"Jack, you suck Tom and I'll suck you.

Tom can play with my cock and then you can take me just before you come. Okay?"

"Okay," Jack said.

A Crack in the Wall

"You mean," Tom hesitated, "you mean Jack's gonna take my peter in his mouth? Is it all right, Jack?"

"Sure, kid; you'll love it. Have you ever shot your load?"

"Yeah; Fred showed me how. I was scared the first time, but I tried it twice, since."

Jack stared at Fred. "You get around, don't you?"

Fred just smiled and pushed Tom down beside the husky young man. Jack took the stiff cock in his mouth and circled the glans with his tongue. The boy gasped. Fred lay down so that he could take Jack's cock in his mouth. He put Tom's hand on his own cock.

Tom jerked Fred's cock in time with Jack's sucking. He ran his fingers through Jack's hair with the other hand and he moaned and closed his eyes as the wild sensations mounted. Gradually he increased the speed and urgency of his jerking on the prick in his hand.

I was desperately jealous of them. I am a lonely, frustrated voyeur!

Chapter Six

Tom grabbed hold of Jack's head and held it close to his body. He moaned and also screamed. Jack didn't flinch as his mouth filled with the gism of the young lad. It smelled spermy and ammoniacal.

Fred stopped sucking on Jack's cock and held the two together.

Tom lay back, exhausted in the extreme. Jack turned to the toilet and spat out whatever come he had managed not to swallow. Then he put his own rod in Fred's mouth and took Fred's throbbing organ in his own mouth.

A little later the two of them shot off almost together: kind of like what Ladies Home Journal would call "simultaneous orgasms."

Tom lay beside them and took a limp cock in each hand. A few minutes later they all got up, busied themselves with tonsorial details and left the bathroom.

Lord, I had another mess to clean up!

The next couple of evenings were dull. I never seemed to catch anything interesting at the "crack." Twice the girls were there, but I wasn't interested.

Tom came in once but he didn't even play with himself. What is the world coming to?

I watched Fred strip and play with himself once again, but he did it only half-heartedly.

Billy came in one evening. He turned on the light and took off his robe and sat on the bowl and spread his legs. I was surprised to see that his thing was larger than it had been before.

He fingered it and it got stiff. He pulled at the fuzz at the base of it. His cock was almost as big as Tom's now, although a short time ago it had been much smaller.

He was getting hair, too! He seemed puzzled and worried. Left without doing anything.

Next evening, Dick was already in the bathroom when I got back from dinner and put my eye in the "crack." While he was still bathing the door opened and Tom, the second eldest of the brothers, came in.

"You certainly are a long time in the bathroom," Tom said.

Dick gave a start but said nothing.

"I thought maybe you were in here with Fred," Tom added, but with a little wise wink.

"No," Dick said, and made no further comment. He climbed out of the tub and dried off. Tom dropped his robe and showed his organ, which was beginning to stiffen noticeably.

Tom reached out and took Dick's limp prick in his hand. There was no reaction. "I thought you might just like to play," Tom said peevishly.

Dick shook his head. "Too much sex, I guess."

"Gee, you must be tired," Tom said. "Maybe Fred's home. I'll look."

He pulled on his robe and left. Dick finished drying and then put on his robe.

Tom returned. "His light is out, so no luck... and you're too tired. Oh well," he said as he watched his brother leave and then walked over and locked the door.

He showered and dried himself, toying with his cock all the time. He sat down and began to jerk off. His tool was very big and I was stirred beyond my better judgment by the sight of his nakedness and the thrills I knew existed for both of us if *we* could just get together.

I walked to the bathroom door, worked the special trick lock and entered quietly. Now I was going to have a piece of the action.

I'm tired as hell just watching other young guys have sex! Why should I spend my young life staring at others getting browned and sucked and frigged when I'm young and attractive and have a good-sized dick to give!

Here was my chance to make my own way in the world, even if it has to be the so-called "Twilight World" of homosexuality!

Chapter Seven

I stripped myself and put on the robe and soft slippers. Tom was so intent on what he was doing and so confident of the locked door that I had already taken two steps in the bathroom before he looked up.

His hand had just completely made a downward stroke and froze in that position with the skin pulled tight all along his generous staff and his fist pushing into the hair of his tight belly. His long bare legs and naked torso were a most exciting sight!

He was stunned with surprise as I turned and locked the door, very carefully, Then I turned back to him and smiled.

Tom brought himself up to a full sitting position with both hands clasped over his crotch, covering his erected organ.

"Don't be frightened!" I said to comfort him. "I won't hurt you."

"Bu... bu... but..."

"Oh, don't worry. I liked what I saw."

He was petrified and made no move at all as I approached and stood right before him. I reached down and gently took his hands away from his crotch.

His rod had not lost any of its stiffness and sprang erect and pulsing.

"May I touch it?"

Tom nodded, and as I took the lovely piece of meat in my hands, he rose to his feet and standing close to me, seemed to lose his embarrassment.

Tom reached into my robe and clutched my rampant rod. Imagine, someone else touching me! Touching me! Me! Me! Me!

I'm wanted; wanted at last! Oh God, thank You for being so good to me! Now I'm not lonely anymore!

Bless be the tie that binds! Isn't that the name of a popular Baptist hymn? Well, I don't mean to be sacrilegious, but I'm not ashamed.

We handled each other for a moment and my hands roamed to his large full testicles and then he pulled at the cord fastening my robe and pulled it away from my shoulders.

I let it fall to the floor and we stood naked, close together. I had never experienced such a wonderful feeling in my life.

Suddenly, Tom took the initiative: "Lie down on the floor on your back," he commanded me. When I quickly complied, he knelt over my face, with his head toward my feet, and lowered his balls and cock directly against my mouth.

It was the most glorious sight I had ever seen. Looking up past his big balls and prick, I could see his tight little belly, his well-developed chest and his smiling, excited face.

He leaned forward and I felt his hot wet mouth encircle the head of my prick and then slowly move down its length until I felt his nose against my pubic hair and balls.

I was delighted. I took his beautiful tool into my mouth and soon got the knack of sucking it, and even if it was the first time for me, I am sure that I gave him as much pleasure as he gave me, until with much heaving, gasping and groaning, we both discharged our hot semen.

We lay clutching each other's naked body close for a few minutes and then rose to our feet. Nothing was said about what had happened, and with a lot of laughter and fun, we both got into the shower together.

When we had dried, we parted in good spirits, but still with no reference to what had been done or might be done in the future.

Had I really relieved my human need for The Other? Or was my sex experience with him only a way to release a valve and let off the steam?

Was I kidding myself about the meaning of my experience with another boy? Wasn't the homosexual life *always* a destructive thing, both for me and for him?

My mind was confused momentarily; but I began to see some valuable answers: since I didn't like girls and just didn't want them, the only alternative was another male.

A Crack in the Wall

After all, I am human even if I am a homo; and I need Somebody... even if it's a superficial sex experience. Loneliness and isolation destroy a guy, not homosexual contact.

I thought about all the boys I'd seen go into that bathroom. Heavens! Did they worry about what they were doing? It didn't seem so to me.

In my view, they did what came naturally. Boys thrown together through circumstances will turn to each other for emotional relief and satisfaction.

But I am different from most boys who turn to this kind of thing because there are no girls around, or they are just temporarily without family or girlfriends.

I don't want females! I hate them. They don't have cocks, either. So, I do what comes naturally... for me.

Several times during the next hour or so I heard movements that indicated someone was in the bathroom, but I was content and made no attempt to see who it was. About ten o'clock, however, I was still wide awake and began to think of the pleasure I had just had for the first time in my life.

I found my hand lazily dawdling with my balls and prick as I lay outstretched naked on the bed. My cock was soon standing in full erection and I felt the sensations again in my groin.

Hearing another sound in the bathroom, I sought out the "crack." It was Fred, the roomer, who had apparently come in from the street. He was fully dressed and walked over to the toilet bowl, opening his fly as he approached. He pulled out his nicely-proportioned piece of meat and began urinating. He took hold of his cock between his thumb and fingers and aimed the yellow stream around in circles in the bowl. At last he shook the drippings and pulled it back into his fly and started to zip up.

When he had finished and I thought he was getting ready to leave, he stopped for a minute and rubbed the front of his pants at the groin in several hard, downward movements. I saw his cock become erect and push against the material of his trousers. Quickly he pulled off his pants and shorts and rolled his shirt tail about his waist.

He stood facing the mirror and presented to me a lovely profile of his half-naked body: ankles and feet covered by shoes and socks and his chest covered by the white shirt, but otherwise naked. He stepped to the washbasin and started to wash his prick, pulling at it and pushing the skin back, all of which only made him stiffer.

I decided to see what he would do when I walked in. As I opened the door, he stepped back a few paces from the mirror and was grasping his big ding-dong in his hand. He let go of it quickly when he saw me, reached for his pants and said, "What the hell! I thought the door was locked. I'm through. Let me get dressed and you can have it."

I didn't know what to do or say. He looked so silly drawing up his pants with his shirt still rolled above his navel and his shorts lying on the floor at his feet. He seemed embarrassed and mad that I had come in. Tom had been embarrassed too but I hadn't felt rejected.

I looked down at his cock as the pants moved up his legs. It was going down. I was afraid he would leave and I didn't want to miss this chance. I stared at his dong, hoping he would take some notice of my interest. He looked into my eyes and then down at his cock as it still stuck out, half-hard from his fly being opened.

He probably decided I was not harmful and his cock started to harden again. He fastened his belt, leaving his fly open and his dick standing straight out by now. He walked over to me and stood just three feet away with his hands on his hips.

Then... I think somewhat to his surprise... I stooped and took his root in my mouth. He gasped as my hot cavern covered the head and then as I sucked him he swayed with the pleasure of it and moaned delightfully. In an incredibly short time, he was close to shooting.

He moved to stop me, but I pushed his hands away, then he shot forward a torrent of hot, scalding white cream. I sucked in the liquid with audible delight. My tongue apparently gave him moments of exquisite agony as I continued to suck his organ. He pulled his cock from my mouth and I stood up and moved to the basin to wash my face. (Somehow I seemed to enjoy swallowing it and not spitting it out like all the others. I swallowed the creamy come and loved it.)

When I turned from the basin, he was going out of the door. I was still hot, too much so to worry about his reaction to me. I would have remained to see who might come in but I felt it better to return to the "crack" and see what might transpire that would be more interesting.

A Crack in the Wall

I had hardly gotten back in my room than a sound drew me to the peep-hole and someone came in: it was Dick, the 18-year-old. He hung up his robe and combed his hair, standing perfectly naked in front of the mirror. He looked down at the rather large organ at his groin several times and rubbed it gently back and forth cautiously against the cold surface of the basin. His cock took on a rampant cock-stand.

The door opened, and in walked Ann, one of the single girls in the house. Dick turned to face her with a wide grin. Whew! Now I was going to see something entirely new: “normal sex.”

Chapter Eight

It was obvious Dick and Ann had been naked before, because neither showed any embarrassment. She threw off her robe and naked they rushed into each other's arms. They kissed and I was sure their tongues were searching out the depths of each other's mouths. Their hands massaged the other's back, thighs and asses.

Ann put her hand hungrily over his organ, which she twisted to one side so that his long cock stuck out between their tightly-pressed nude torsos. They parted and Dick threw his robe on the floor. They stretched out on it side by side.

Ann spread her legs and took his out-sized penis and started it at the hairy spot between her legs. I looked out in amazement. Now I knew at last the reason for being built differently: they kept moving about spasmodically and I couldn't see his prong but I knew it was going into her hole.

The girl was in ecstasy, her eyes closed, her breath coming rapidly. Dick was thrusting and panting like a mad thing.

The whole scene reminded me of the boy fucking the girl in that Swedish movie, "I Am Curious (Yellow)."

"I'm coming!" Dick almost shouted, and Ann hastily clasped her hand over his mouth. With the other hand she pushed his body away from hers, and the big pulsating cock came out of her writhing cunt and shot its load on her stomach. The girl took her hand and put some of the gism on the still-jetting prick, and rubbed it. The boy lay still, almost in a stupor. I could see he had satisfied himself fully.

The rose to their feet, stood hugging and kissing for a while and then quickly washed their reeking parts, donned their robes and left.

Next afternoon, I decided to take a long walk. It was Decoration Day, though I didn't know it, since my uncle never observed nor spoke of such "vacation" days. The streets were crowded. I still hadn't gotten used to crowds, so I sought out the smaller side streets where traffic was lighter.

I stopped along one almost deserted street and leaned against a post to rest. Hearing muffled voices, I looked around and saw a sailor talking to a girl in a doorway. He was young and blond; I noticed at once that his sailor suit fitted him tightly. I could see the whole outline of his buttocks. I wished he would turn around.

The girl was pretty enough, but I was not interested in her. She laughed, but shook her head "No" at something the sailor said. The girl started to leave and that made the sailor turn just enough so that he was standing sideways to me. I saw the bulge of his fly. It was big! I was sure it wasn't hard yet, just big. Those uniforms were wonderful, I decided.

The girl left and the sailor turned to look after her. His big prick lay against his left leg and was easily seen. He stood for a moment and then went into a bar next door. It never occurred to me to follow him in.

I walked further and discovered that there were lots of sailors in town. And what's more, most of their pants were tight enough to give me a good look at their peters and balls, too, I discovered. I had never noticed it before. I began to enjoy my walk more and more.

Following a bunch of sailors and listening to their laughter and plans for the evening, I discovered they all wanted "a piece of tail"... whatever that was. They came to the public restroom just opposite the park and descended downstairs. Again, it didn't occur to me to follow them. I know better now!

Then I saw Fred, the roomer across the street go into the park. I started to follow, with the thought of catching up with him for company. It was quite dark by this time but I could just see Fred ahead of me as he started down a path.

He stopped near one of the lights and took out a cigarette. At the same time I saw a sailor coming toward him. I stopped under a tree, near enough that I could see clearly. I knew something was up. Up symbolically as well as literally!

I saw the sailor looking at Fred and Fred kept his eyes on the sailor instead of lighting the cigarette. The sailor walked on a few steps and then stopped and looked around. Fred was gazing over his shoulder and seeing the sailor stop, he turned and sauntered back to him.

I stopped under another tree a little closer for a better view. They were now very near to me but I could still

A Crack in the Wall

only hear their voices and not exactly what they were saying.

I saw Fred glance down at the sailor's crotch. It was in silhouette to me and I saw that it was quite a big basket. Fred put his hand in his pocket and seemed to be playing with himself a bit. The sailor put his hand on his own yearning crotch just for a minute. Then they started off together.

Following them, I found they were headed for the same house. I followed until they were almost in front of it. Suddenly, they stopped. I knew that Fred saw someone sitting on the porch railing. He couldn't take anyone up to his room if Mrs. Monahan was there. Just then a car turned the corner and lit up the porch, showing that only Dick and Tom were there. Fred took the sailor by the arm and led him up to the house.

Stealthily, I crept close to the porch behind some bushes growing between that house and the next. I heard Fred introduce the sailor as "Bill" and then say to the brothers, "Bill here has two friends who would like to have a party. Like to join us?" They agreed they definitely would. Yes siree!

"Then wait upstairs and we'll go get them. They're not far away," said Bill, as he and Fred dashed away.

I heard the boys going to their room and followed soon after to my own, leaving my door open a crack. I heard them coming to the bathroom, so I took up my peeping.

Billy was with them, as all three brothers stood, one after the other, at the basin and washed off their stiffening pricks. A lot of what they said made little sense to me. Most of it was about a "real gang-bang" but whatever it was, it was decided to have it in Fred's room. The three brothers went there to wait.

In a few moments, three sailors and Fred came up the stairs. Through the crack in my door, I could see that they were all young and very good-looking. They went to Fred's room. I waited a while and then, daring all, I tiptoed to the door and looked through the keyhole. Like most old houses, the locks were huge and old-fashioned and the large keyhole served my purpose very well.

They were all undressing. Fred was busily working at the thirteen buttons of one sailor while Tom was helping another pull off his already unbuttoned pants. Billy, Dick and the other sailor were stripping themselves. Fred and Tom pulled off their clothes in a flash and all six of them were stark naked, with stiff cocks flying about in front of them.

They kept all sounds and voices muffled but occasionally, when only one guy said something at a time, I could hear the words. Fred was arguing with the sailors, but finally he apparently gave in and the three naked sailors sat side by side on the edge of the bed with their legs apart and feet dangling toward the floor.

Fred got on his knees between the middle one's legs and took the swollen, stiff rod in his hungry mouth and began serious sucking. He reached a hand out on each side, and clasping the two other rigid pricks, shook them.

Tom dropped down and sucked one of the sailors while Dick took the third prick in his mouth. The sailors were obviously enjoying themselves. One of them, noticing little Billy just standing with his prick jerking in front of him, said something but all I could hear was the last few rough words: "Make him do it!"

Fred raised his head and looked over his shoulder at Billy. "Go ahead, Billy; frig it! They want to see you jerk it," he said, and went back to his sucking.

It was a wonderful tableau before me: three young naked sailors sitting on the bed, resting their hands outstretched behind them, throwing their heads back and working their mouths enthusiastically as three naked young fellows knelt between their legs sucking on their stiff, hard ding-dongs and another boy stood naked frigging his cock.

The sailor in the middle suddenly half-raised himself, bent forward and clutched the back of Fred's head, driving him far down on his long, fat, hard root; I could tell he was shooting a terrific load into Fred's mouth.

After a minute, he shoved Fred away, and seeing Billy still jerking his prick, he waved his hand toward Billy and said to Fred, "Finish him off!"

Fred whirled around, still on his knees, and took Billy's young prick in his watering mouth just in time to suck down the lad's seething semen. The juice was delicious.

The other two sailors were shooting their loads into waiting mouths by this time and when they had finished, Dick and Tom were told to "sixty-nine." Not unwilling, the two brothers threw themselves on the floor, with bodies reversed, and sucked out the welcomed balm that was ready to spurt almost at once.

As Fred rose to his feet after sucking Billy off, the youth needed no urging to grab the big prick in his mouth and drink down Fred's hot spend.

A Crack in the Wall

This exciting display worked well on the sailors; each had a tremendous hard-on again and the three brothers set themselves to sucking cock again. Fred busied himself by moving from one brother to another and back again, sucking first one and then another until their cocks were stiff and carefully watching the over-all picture, he timed it so that each of the brothers orgasmed just a moment or so before the sailor would shoot. This was to give the sailor the pleasure of the extra-delicious sucking of each boy as his own gism poured through his system and out into Fred's hot mouth.

They started dressing and I went back into my own room. As my mind rolled over my experiences watching others having sex, I saw that what I had been doing was not pathologically motivated. I say this because I have learned from watching that everyone likes to peep at others. Why not? But the bad thing is if you let this peeping, this voyeurism, become *your whole sex life*. I almost made that mistake. But my one experience with another person, even though he was a male, taught me that sex is meant to be between people, not just seen by someone.

Fantasies have their place in the human mind, I decided, but I had lived too much, too dependently, on my vicarious sex thrills through others.

To be healthy, psychologically, socially and in every way, I would have to stop looking at others through the crack and start communicating with other human beings.

This was the lesson the “crack” taught me. I'm glad I finally shook this unwholesome habit of extreme voyeurism: if my story has helped any potential or present voyeur to stop living in a solitary sex life and to enter the world of friendships... then my tale has not been told in vain.

The End